The Exploits of Elaine

A Detective Novel and a Motion Picture Drama

By ARTHUR B. REEVE

The Well-Known Novelist and the Creator of the "Craig Kennedy" Stories

Presented in Collaboration With the Pathe Players and the Eclectic Film Company

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instantly.

and noiseless little piece of clockwork,

in there, too. And it's powerful

As he spoke, and before I could re-

monstrate with him, he took the in-

Carefully unwrapping the bomb and

unscrewing one part while he held an-

bottle of liquid and some powder.

Then he placed a few grains of the

a bright flash as the powder ignited

"Just what I expected," commented

Kennedy with a nod, as he examined

the clever workmanship of the bomb.

One thing that interested him was

that part of the contents had been

wrapped in paper to keep them in

place. This paper he was now care-

As nearly as I could make it out, the

paper contained part of a typewrit-

TINCTURE OF IODINE

He looked up from his study of the

"Tell me just how it happened that

Without hesitation the Chinaman re-

ited the circumstances, beginning

with the note by which he had been

"A note!" repeated Kennedy, ea-

Long Sin reached into his pocket

As Craig studied the typewritten

message from the Clutching Hand I

could see that he was growing more

"At last he has given us something

typewritten," he exclaimed. "To most

people. I suppose, it seems that type-

writing is the best way to conceal

identity. But there are a thousand

"Look, Walter," he remarked at

length, taking a fine "pped pencil and

tered and faint as well as just a trifle

paper from the bomb under the micro-

scope and you will see that the 'T's'

I strained my eyes to look. Sure

was that unmistakable identity be-

tween the T's in the formula and the

Kennedy had been gazing at the

"I've struck it!" he exclaimed, jump-

had seen typewriting that reminds me

of this. Walter, get on your cost

With Long Sin we burried out of

the laboratory, leaving him at the

nearest taxicah stand, where we

"It is the clue of the battered 'T's."

Aunt Josephine was in the library

"Where is-Miss Dodge" inquired

"I think she's out shopping, and I

Kennedy, with suppressed excitement

don't know just when she will be

back," answered Aunt Josephine, with

clue yet. Only-it will be necessary

to look through some of the household

correspondence immediately to see

whether there are certain it ters. I

wouldn't be surprised if she had some

-perhaps not very personal-but I

Kennedy lost no time. He went to

a deak where Elaine generally sat,

and quickly took out several type-

written letters. One after another he

to one that seemed to interest him.

fell to studying it, comparing it with

the paper from the bomb and the

note which Long Sin had received

from the Clutching Hand. Then he

ture and the address could not be

A portion of the letter I recall read

"This is his contention: Whereas

"Look at this, Walter," remarked

A glance at the typewriting was suf-

ficient to show me that Kennedy had,

We stared at each other almost too

indeed, made an important discovery.

TRUTH is the only goal and MATTER

Craig, with difficulty restraining him-

self. "What do you make of it?"

knitting when the butler, Jennings, an-

jumped into a waiting car.

important-any news?"

must see them."

read by us.

something like this:

is non-existent-"

and one ways of identifying typewrit-

and produced the note itself, which he

THREE PARTS OF-

microscope to Long Sin.

summoned.

had not burned.

and more excited.

as he talked.

great discovery.

'raig muttered.

nounced us.

as we entered

you got this bomb," he asked.

gerly. "Was it typewritten?"

ten cremical formula, which read:

fully examining with a microscope.

SYNOPSIS

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The New York police are mystified by series of murders and other crimes. The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, igned with a "clutching hand." The latenough to blow us all, the laboratory included, to kingdom come." The principal clue to the criminal is the warning letter which is sent the victims, signed with a "clutching hand." The latest victim of the mysterious assassin is Taylor Dodge, the insurance president. His daughter Elaine, employs Craig Kennedy, the famous scientific detective, to try to unravel the mystery. What Kennedy accomplishes is told by his friend Jameson, a newspaper man. Enraged at the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end fernal machine and placed it on a table where he set to work on the most delicate and dangerous piece of dissection of which I have ever heard. the determined effort which Elaine and Craig Kennedy are making to put an end to his crimes, the Clutching Hand, as this strange criminal is known, resorts to all sorts of the most diabolical schemes to put them out of the way. Each chap-ter of the story tells of a new plot against their lives and of the way the great detective uses all his skill to save this pretty girl and himself from death. other firm, he finally took out of it a powder on a dish and dropped on it a drop or two of the liquid. There was

FOURTEENTH EPISODE

THE RECKONING.

Pacing up and down his den in the heart of Chinatown, Long Sin was thinking over his bargain with Kennedy to betray the infamous Clutching Hand.

At length he seated himself on a teakwood table still deliberating over the promise he had been forced to make to Kennedy.

Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him. Lifting a little hammer, he struck a Chinese gong on the table at his side. At the same time he leaned over and turned the knob at the side of a large roll-top desk.

A few seconds later a sort of hatchway, covered by a rug on the floor, in one corner of the room, was slowly lifted and Long Sin's secretary, a pale, cadaverous Chinaman, appeared from below. He stepped noiselessly into the room and shuffled across to Long Sin and handed him a letter.

Long Sin scowled, as though something had interfered with his own plans, but tore open the envelope without a word, spreading out on his lap the sheet of paper it contained.

The letter was a typewritten message, all in capitals, which read: "BE AT HEADQUARTERS AT 12. DESTROY THIS IMMEDIATELY.

At the bottom of the note appeared the sinister signature of the Clutching Hand.

Bowing low again, the secretary shuffled across and down again pointing at the distinguishing marks through the hatchway. closing door as he descended.

Long Sin read the note once more. while his inscrutable face assumed an expression of malicious cunning.

With an air of deliberation he reached for a match and struck it. In the scrap of formula have exactly He had placed the paper in the flame | the same appearance." when suddenly he seemed to change his mind. He hastily blew out the match, which had destroyed only a corner of the paper, then folded the note carefully and placed it in his note. pocket.

A few moments later, with a maligpant chuckle. Long Sin rose slowly and left the room.

Meanwhile the master criminal was busily engaged in putting the finishing touches to a final scheme of flendish ingenuity for the absolute destruction of Craig Kennedy.

He had been at work in a small room fitting up a sort of laboratory, in the mysterious house which now served as his headquarters.

Clutching Hand, at a bench in one corner, had just completed an infernal machine of diabolical cunning, and was wrapping it carefully in paper to make an innocent package.

He was interrupted by a knock at the door. Laying down the bomb he went to answer the summons with a stealthy movement. There stood Long Sin, who had disguised himself as a Chinese laundryman.

"On time-good!" growled Clutching Hand surlily as he closed the door with equal care

No time was wasted in useless formalities.

"This is a bomb," he went on, pointing to the package. "Carry it carefully. On no account let it slip, or you are a dead man. It must be in Kennedy's laboratory before night. Understand? Can you arrange it?"

Long Sin glanced at the dangerous package, then with an expressive look, replied, "Have no fear. I can do it. It will be in the laboratory within an hour. Trust me.'

. In Kennedy's laboratory I was watching Craig make some experiments with a new X-ray apparatus.

We were oblivious to the passage of time, and only a call over our speaking tube diverted our attention. I opened the door and a few seconds

sater Long Sin himself entered. Kennedy looked up inquiringly as the Chinaman approached, holding out

a package which he carried. 'A bomb," he said, in the most mater-of-fact way. "I promised to have tt placed in your laboratory before

Kennedy took the bomb and carefully placed it under the wonderful rays, then with the fluoroscope over his eyes studied the shadow cast by the tays on its sensitive screen.

"It's a bomb, sure enough," Craig exclaimed, looking up from it at last to me. "It's timed by an ingenious dazed to speak.

her arms a huge bunch of roses which she had evidently just received.

The moment she saw Craig, howgreat surprise. Her keen eye had not missed the

scattered over the top of the desk. "What are you doing with my letters, Mr. Kennedy?" she asked, in an astonished tone, evidently resenting the unceremoniousness with which he

had apparently been overhauling her

As guardedly as possible, Kennedy met her inquiry, which I could not

correspondence.

myself blame her for making. "I beg your pardon, Miss Dodge, he said, "but a matter has just come up which necessitated merely a cursory examination of some purely formal letters which might have an important bearing on the discovery of the Clutching Hand. Your aunt had | legal document. Without a word Kenno idea where you were, nor when you might return, and the absolute necessity for haste in such an important matter is my only excuse for examining a few minor letters without first obtaining your permission."

She said nothing. At another time such an explanation would have been instantly accepted. Now, however, it was different.

Kennedy read the look on her face and an instant later turned to Aunt Josephine and myself.

"I would very much appreciate a

At that moment we were startled suppressing a momentary flash of anby the sudden appearance of Elaine, ger that had reddened his face, and She entered the room carrying in controlled himself as if by a superhuman effort.

Kennedy," he exclaimed in a tone that ever, she stopped short with a look of was almost a hiss. "But I tell you. Elaine, he is all bluff. Why, he has been after that Clutching Hand now fact that several of her letters lay for three months-and what has he accomplished? Nothing!"

> He paused. Through Elaine's mind there flashed the contrast with Kennedy's even temper and deferential manner.

Hennett, by another effort, seemed to grip his temper again. While Elaine and Bennett were talk-

ing Kennedy and I had entered the of Craig stopped the boy who was

about to announce us and asked for Bennett's secretary instead, much to my astonishment. We found the secretary hard at work at the typewriter, copying a

nedy at once locked the door. The secretary rose in surprise, but Craig paid no attention to him. Instead he calmly walked over to the

machine and began to examine it. "Might I ask"-began the secretary "You keep quiet," ordered Kennedy with a nod to me to watch the fellow You are under arrest-and the less you say the better for you."

I shall never forget the look that crossed the secretary's face. Was it the surprise of an innocent man?

Taking the man's place at the machance to say a few words to Miss chine Kennedy removed the legal pa-



Kennedy is About to Shoot When He Discovers That it is Jameson and Not the Clutching Hand Who Lies There Before Him.

Dodge alone," he intimated. "I have | per that was in it and put in a new all the 'T's' in this note are bat- time. If you would be so kind as to watched leave us in the library-for a few minout of alignment. Now I will place the utes-"

He did not finish the sentence. Aunt Josephine had already begun to withdraw and I followed. For a moment or two Craig and

Elaine looked at each other, neither enough. Kennedy was right. There saying a word, each wondering just is nonexistentwhat was in the other's mind

Craig cleared his throat, the obvious manner of covering up his emotion.

"Elaine," he said at length, dropping floor, his face puckered in thought as the recent return to "Miss Dodge," for I looked. Suddenly he clapped his the moment. Elaine, is there any hands together, as if he had made a truth in this morning's newspaper report of-of you?"

She had dropped her eyes. But he ing up. 'i was wondering where I persisted taking a newspaper clipping from his pocket and handing it to her. Her hand trembled as she glanced and hat. We are on the right trail at over the item:

SOCIETY NOTES.

Dame Rumor is connecting the name of Miss Elaine Dodge, the heiress, with that of Perry Bennett, the famous young lawyer. The announcement of an engagement between them at any time would not surprise.

Elaine read no farther. She handed back the clipping to Kennedy. As her eyes met his she noticed his expression of deep concern, and hesitated with the reply she had evidently been just about to make.

Still, as she lowered her head, it some surprise. "Why? Is it anything seemed to give silent confirmation to the truth of the newspaper report. "Very important," returned Kennedy Kennedy said nothing, but his eyes excitedly. "I think I have the best

continued to study her face. He suppressed his feelings with a great effort then, without a word, bowed and left the room.

"Walter," he exclaimed as he rejoined us in the drawing room, where was chatting with Aunt Josephine. we must be off again. The trail follows still farther."

An hour or so later, Elaine, whose mind was now in a whirl from what examined them closely, rejecting one had happened, decided to make a call on her lawyer and the confidant of her after another, until finally he came father, Perry Bennett. As Elaine entered his private office. He separated it from the rest and

Bennett rose to greet her effusively and they exchanged a few words. "I mustn't forget to thank you for

those lovely roses you sent me," she folded the letter so that the signaexclaimed at length. "They were beautiful, and I appreciated them ever so much."

A moment later Bennett led the conversation around until he found an opportunity to make a tactful allusion to the report of their engagement in the morning papers.

He had leaned over, and now attempted to take her hand. She with drew it, however. There was something about his touch which try as she might, she could not like. Was it mere prejudice or was it her keen woman's intuition?

Bennett looked at her a moment.

"You will notice that had no such opportunity for some sheet. Then he tapped out, as we

BE AT HEADQUARTERS AT 12. DE-STROY THIS IMMEDIATELY. TINCTURE OF IODINE THREE PARTS OF-

This is his contention - whereas TRUTH is the only goal and MATTER *****************

"Look, Walter." he exclaimed as he drew out the paper from the machine I bent over, and together we compared the T's with those in the Clutching Hand letter, the paper from the bomb and the letter which Craig had taken from Elaine's desk.

As Craig pointed out the resemblances with a pencil my amazement gradually changed comprehension and comprehension into conviction. The meaning of it all began to dawn on me.

The writing was identical. There were no differences!

While we were locked in the secretary's office Bennett and Elaine were continuing their chat on various social topics. Suddenly, however, with a glance at the clock, Bennett told Elaine that he had an important letter to dictate and that it must go off at once.

She said that she would excuse him a few minutes, and he pressed a button to call his secretary.

Of course, the secretary did not appear. Hennett left his office, with some annoyance, and went into the adjoining room, the door to which Kennedy had not locked.

He hesitated a moment, then opened the door quietly. To his astonishment he saw Kennedy, the secretary and myself apparently making a close examination of the typewriter.

Gliding, rather than walking back into his own office, he closed the door and locked it. Almost instantly fear and fury at the presence of his hated rival, Kennedy, turned Bennett, as it were, from the Jekyll of a polished lawyer and lover of Elaine into an insanely jealous and revengeful Mr. Hyde

With a look of intense horror and loathing Elaine watched him slowly change from the composed, calm, intellectual Bennett she knew and respected into a repulsive, mad figure of a man

And his long, sinewy hand slowly twisted and bent until he became the personal embodiment of the Clutching Hand. As Elaine, transfixed with terror,

watched Bennett's astounding metamorphosis, he ran to the door leading to the outer office and hastily locked that also. Then, with his eyes gleaming with

rage and his hands working in murderous frenzy, he crouched nearer and nearer, toward Elaine. She shrank back, screaming again

and again in terror. He was the Clutching Hand.

now plainly hear Elaine's shricks. Craig, the secretary and myself made a rush for the door to Bennett's pri-"I believe you really love that man vate office. Finding it locked, we began to batter it.

Kennedy found that it was impossible to batter down the door in time by any ordinary means. Quickly he seized the typewriter and hurled it through the panels. Then he thrust his hand through the opening and turned the catch.

As we flung ourselves into the room Bennett rushed into a closet in a corner, slamming the door behind him. It was composed of sheet iron, and effectually prevented anyone from breaking through. Kennedy and I tried vainly, however, to pry it open.

While we were thus endeavoring to force an entrance Bennett, in a sort of closet, had put on the coat, hat and mask which he invariably wore in the character of the Clutching Hand. Then he cautiously opened a secret door in the back of the closet and slowly made an exit.

Meanwhile the secretary had been doing his best to revive Elaine, who was on the floor, hysterical and half unconscious from the terrible shock

she had experienced. Intent on discovering Bennett's whereabouts, Kennedy and I examined the wall of the office, thinking there might be some button or secret spring which would open the closet door.

While we were doing so the door of a large safe in the secretary's office gradually opened, and the Clutching Hand emerged from it, stepping carefully toward the door leading tthe outer office, intent on ercaping to

that direction. At that moment I caught sight of him, and, leaping into the secretary's office, I drew my revolver and ordered him to throw up his hands. He obeyed. Holding up both hands, he slowly drew near the door to his private of-

Suddenly he dropped one hand and pressed a hidden spring in the wall. Instantly a heavy fron door shot out | dote. and closed over the wooden door. Entrance to the private office was absolutely out off

With an angry snarl the Clutching Hand leaped at me.

As he did so I fired twice. He staggered back.

The shots were heard by Kennedy and Elaine as well as the secretary. and at the same instant they discovered the iron door which barred the entrance to the secretary's office.

Rushing into the outer office they found the clerks excitedly attempting ling some of the liquor into a cup, he to open the door of the secretary's office, which was locked. Kennedy drew a revolver and shot through the lock, bursting open the door.

They rushed into the room Clutching Hand was apparently seat-

ed in a chair at a desk, his face buried in his arms, while I was apparently disappearing through the door. Kennedy and the clerks pounced upon the figure in the chair and tore off his mark. To their astonishment | could to revive me.

they discovered it was myself! My shots had missed, and Clutching Hand had leaped on me with maddened fury.

Dressed in my coat and hat, which he had deftly removed after overpowering me, Clutching Hand had by this time climbed through the window of the outer office and was making his a few moments later we were all on way down the fire escape to the street. He reached the foot of the iron steps, leaped off and ran quickly away.

Shouting a few directions to the secretary, the clerks and Elaine, Kennedy climbed through the window and darted down the fire escape in swift pur-

The Clutching Hand, however, managed to elude capture again

While these exciting events were occurring in Bennett's office some queer doings were in progress in the heart of Chinatown.

Deep underground, in one of the catacombs known only to the inner most members of the Chinese secret the chair beside the table, from which societies, was Tong Wah, popularly the vials and cups, about which we known as "the hider," engaged in knew nothing, had been removed. some mysterious work.

Before him were eight odd-shaped nedy. Chinese vials, and from these he was carefully measuring certain propertions, as if concocting some powerful potion.

He stepped back and looked around suspiciously as he suddenly heard footsteps above. The next moment after a pause, "but he is dead." Long Sin, who had entered through a trap door, climbed down a long lad der and walked into the room.

Approaching Tong Wah, he asked. When will the death drink be ready?"

"It is now prepared." was the re-

A few minutes later the Clutching Hand drove up to Long Sin's house in the taxicab and, after paying the chauffeur, went to the door and beautiful head. knocked sharply.

In response to his knocking. Long Sin appeared on the threshold and motioned to Bennett to come in, evident ly astonished to see him. As he entered. Bennett made a se-

cret sign and said: "I am the Clutching Hand. Kennedy is close on my trail, and I have come to be hidden." In a tone which betrayed alarm and fear the Chinaman intimated that he had no place in which Bennett could be concealed with any degree of safety. For a moment Bennett glared sav-

agely at Long Sin. "I possess hidden plunder worth seven million dollars," he pleaded quickly, "and if by your aid I can make

a getaway, a seventh is yours." The Chinaman's cupidity was clearly excited by Bennett's offer, while the bare mention of the amount at stake was sufficient to overcome all his

scruples. After exchanging a few words he

In spite of closed doors we could finally agreed to aid the Clutching Hand. Opening a trap door in the floor of the room in which they were standing, he led Bennett down a stepladder into the subterranean chamber in which Tong Wah had so recently

been preparing his mysterious potton As Bennett sank into a chair and passed his hands over his brow in utter weariness, Long Sin poured into a cup some of the liquor of death which Tong Wah had mixed. He hand. ed it to Bennett, who drank it eagerly.

"How do you propose to help me to

escape?" asked Bennett huskily, Without a word Long Sin went to the wall, and, grasping one of the stones, pressed it back, opening a large receptacle, in which there were two glass coffins apparently contain. ing two dead Chinamen. Pulling out the coffins he pushed them before Bennett, who rose to his feet and gazed upon them with wonder.

Long Sin broke the silence: "These men," he said, "are not dead; but they have been in this condition for many months. It is what is called in your language suspended animation."

"Is that what you intend to do with me?" asked Hennett, shrinking back in terror.

The Chinaman nodded in affirmation as he pushed back the coffins.

Overcome by the horror of the idea Bennett, with a groan, sank back into the chair, shaking his head as if to indicate that the plan was far too terrible to carry out.

With a sinister smile and a shrug of his shoulders Long Sin pointed to the

cup from which Bennett had drank. But dear master," he remarked suavely, "you have already drank a full dose of the potion which causes insensibility, and it is overcoming you. Even now," he added, "you are too weak to rise."

With a malicious chuckle Long Sin moved closer to his victim and spoke

Divulge where your seven million dollars are hidden," he suggested craftlly, "and I will give you an anti-By this time Bennett, who was be-

coming more rigid each moment, was unable to speak. Slowly, and after a desperate struggle, he managed to raise one hand and pointed to his breast pocket. The Chinaman instantly thrust in his

hand and drew out a map. For some moments Long Sin examined the map intently, and, with a grin of satisfaction, he placed it in his own porket. Then he mixed what he declared was a sure antidote, and, pour-

held it to Bennett's lips. As Bennett opened his mouth to drink it. Long Sin with a laugh slowly pulled the cup away and poured its

contents on the floor. By this time I was slowly recovering my senses in the secretary's office, where Bennett had left me in the disguise of the Clutching Hand. Elaine, the secretary and the clerks were gathered around me, doing all they

Meanwhile Kennedy had enlisted the aid of two detectives and was scouring the city for a trace of Bennett or the taxicab in which he had

Red. Somehow, Kennedy suspected, instinctively, that Long Sin might give a clue to Bennett's whereabouts, and

our way in a car to Long Sin's house. Though we did not know it, Long Sin, at the moment when Kennedy knocked at his door, was feeling in his inside pecket to see that the map he had taken from Bennett was perfectly safe. Finding that he had it, he smiled with his peculiar oriental guile. Then he opened the door and stood for a

moment, silent. "Where is Bennett?" demanded Kennedv.

Long Sin eyed us all, then, with a placid smile, said, "Follow me. I will show you." There was Bennett, seated rigidly in

"How did it happen?" asked Ken-"He came here," replied Long Sin.

with a wave of his hand, "and before I could stop him he did away with him-"Well, we've got him," mused Kennedy shaking his head sadly, adding

Elaine, who had followed us down, covered her eyes with her hands and was sobbing convulsively. I thought

she would faint, but Kennedy led her gently away into an upper room. As he placed her in an easy chair. he bent over her, soothingly.

"Did you-did you-really-love him?" he asked in a low tone. Still shuddering, and with an eager look at Kennedy, Elaine shook her

Then, slowly rising to her feet, she looked at Craig appealingly. "Forgive me." murmured Elaine, holding out her hand. Then she added

in a voice tense with emotion, "Thank you for saving me." Kennedy took her hand. For a moment he held it. Then he drew her toward him, unresisting,

With this installment the mystery of The Clutching Hand is solved, but the story will be continued under the title of

NEW EXPLOITS OF ELAINE. The authors have involved Elaine in another series of thrilling and sensational experiences more interesting than her previous ones, which will be related in the coming installments. You will find them highly entertaining and worth reading.